

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget!

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Happily may I remember,
And happily may I forget!

—Christina Rossetti.

THE WAYWARDNESS OF LOVE.

I was sitting by the river with the duchess. She was deep in thought. I was not thinking more than I could help. Across the sparkling water the trees were green and gold, with here and there a gleam of silver or a band of black. The birds were wooing ardently in the tree tops; indeed, one practical fellow seemed already to be making furniture for the home, or, at least, sawing the necessary wood. There was scarcely a breath to move the rushes, and the fish slumbered peacefully in the cool depths of the river, or glided slowly beneath their water lily sunshades. Now and then the little water fairies shot up from the bottom of the river in their bubble boats and flew to join their playmates in the clouds, to return when the rain should come, seated on the falling drops.

But the beauty that surrounded her brought no peace to the mind of the duchess. "It's such a suitable match," she remarked, rousing me from a reverie.

"Perhaps Lady Marion might not think so," said I, aware of what was troubling my companion.

"Fiddlesticks! She's a sensible girl!"

"Marriages are not made—by being sensible," I remarked.

"That's my opinion."

"Not exclusively. Your husband told me—"

The attitude of the duchess warned me to desist.

"Besides, he is much older than Marion, and immensely rich," I continued.

"Her motives might be mistaken. Now, if I were to marry you—"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the duchess, adding, more thoughtfully, "though I shouldn't have to worry heaven about it."

"Let us say, then, an old lady."

"Is it a parallel case?"

My better nature asserted itself.

"No," said I.

It is so often the duty of one's better nature to tell a falsehood. And really she does not look her years.

"That's a lie," sighed the duchess; "I'm an old as the hills. And I don't skip like young sheep, either."

There was silence for a moment. I remember wondering how the duchess would look skipping like a young sheep. I think the heat had softened—if not partially melted—my brain. But my companion retained her mental strength.

"Winterton himself is the chief difficulty," she said, presently. "He wants bringing to the point."

"You can lead a man to the point, but you can't make him sit on it," he murmured.

"Crackling thorns!" ejaculated the duchess. "Do try to be sensible."

I shook my head sadly. The thing seemed so impossible just then.

"He's not sentimental enough. He wants stirring up."

I could only think of hatpins, but dared not suggest them.

"If they were together, under suitable conditions—"

"Moonlight!" I suggested.

"I've tried that."

"Mixed with music?"

"I don't see how it could be arranged."

Then a brilliant idea flashed into my brain.

"Have Peter Macnulty play to them!" I cried.

The duchess sat up.

"You are really a wonderful man, Mawingham. Just when I'm thinking your mind is permanently gone you sparkle like this. Mr. Macnulty is the very man."

"With the man in the moon to help?"

"But how are we to mix them?"

I thought for a moment, and then set my scene.

"Winterton and Marion must be inveigled on to the terrace; you and I will be seated in a dark corner of the room."

"I shall feel like Guy Fawkes!"

"The moon, luckily full just now, will be in its usual place; and in the far end of the room Macnulty will play soft love music as no one else can play it—shaping destinies with his finger tips—the deus ex piano!"

"It's magnificent!" cried the duchess, as I sank back exhausted in my chair.

"But how are we to get Macnulty?"

"I know his address in London. Write to him." The duchess rose.

"This very moment," she said.

"You're a wonderful creature, John, though no one would think it to look at you or hear you talk. I'm eternally in your debt."

"Perhaps it won't work."

"It shall work," said the duchess, and swept away over the grass.

In spite of her age, few women could walk like her. I noticed that as I lit a cigar.

Then I began to think of Peter Macnulty. A little man, inclined to stoutness, with a merry laugh and bright eyes; a good companion and a thorough sportsman. We had faced a tiger together and Macnulty found his shoulder just in time to prevent unpleasant consequences for me.

But Macnulty shooting tigers was just a quiet, plucky little Englishman, with a certain dry humor and forgetfulness of self that made him a capital companion. There are (it is a matter

for congratulation) thousands like him in this little island of ours. But Macnulty at the picnic. Then you forgot the plump little body, and the shock of red hair. And when he had done with you—when he had made you laugh and cry, and love and hate, and stirred and tickled your very soul with his music—then he was your master, and you could never think of him in quite the same way again.

That he was the very best man to put the purpose of the duchess, I had no doubt. I decided that. Then I fell asleep. I felt I needed rest.

But it is the difficulty that is unforeseen that spoils the best laid plan; the runner that leaps the highest hedge trips over the hidden root. Next day came a bolt from the blue.

Macnulty refused the invitation of the duchess. He was in town, and gave no reason. But there was no trace of indecision in his reply. He would not come.

"Why not? What's the matter with the man?" said the duchess to me, when she announced the news. "He's been here before."

"That could not be, I suppose—"

"I fed him well. What more does a man want?"

There was certainly truth in that.

"You must get him for me. It was your plan."

"I shall have to go to town," I sighed.

"There's a train at 8 tomorrow morning. You shall be called at 6."

I murmured my thanks.

"Be back to dinner—but you shan't have any unless you bring him with you."

"The gallant knight will ride forth on the quest," I exclaimed. "He will capture the recreant or—"

"He won't get any dinner," added the duchess, who has no soul for the romantic.

"You may rely on me," said I.

"You were always fond of your meals," she murmured.

Next morning, to my indignation, (the gallant knight being sleepy), I was awakened at an early hour, and my hostess herself saw me driving off to the station to catch the train she had selected.

When I arrived in London I went directly to Macnulty's chambers, and was sufficiently fortunate to find him at home. He greeted me warmly.

"I thought you were rusticated—picking daisies and drinking milk, you know," he said.

"I have been. Not milk, though," I answered. "I've been with the Southboroughs."

"I had an invitation."

"We'll go back together this evening."

"But I refused it. I think of running over to Paris the end of the week."

"From the frying pan to the fire. London's hot enough, but Paris—besides, the duchess wants you at Eccleston."

"It's very flattering!"

"You're a charming young man when you're nicely dressed. She is very fond of you."

Macnulty pondered.

"Is—Lady Marion there?" he inquired presently.

I thought a moment. There was a meaning in that question that might explain his mysterious refusal. It had not occurred to me before.

"What's that got to do—"

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" said Macnulty, jumping up from his seat.

"Come out and lunch with me."

With my dinner trembling in the balance, I thought the suggestion excellent.

There is no doubt that a good meal undermines a man's moral character. He feels comfortable and peaceful. He wants to know why he shouldn't do the thing he ought not, and finds he has forgotten the many reasons that had suggested themselves before luncheon. Probably, if no one stops him, he does it.

It was so with Peter Macnulty. We caught an afternoon train to Eccleston to act promptly. Macnulty was carefully fed (I had no reason to complain myself), and when the moon climbed over the treetops, she saw us all assembled in the great drawing-room that looked out on the stone terrace where in olden times many women had waved adieu with dainty kerchiefs to their knights riding to the war, there to do great deeds for their love. Here, too, was a great deed to be done for love; not by a knight in shining armor, but by a little fat man at a piano. Only he did not know he was to do it, which spoiled the romance.

I have always (except, indeed, once in my life) gazed at the game of life as a spectator, and found much amusement, and at times not a little sorrow, in its contemplation. Here was a scene that would be interesting. With all the power, and, I did not doubt, the will as well, to use his music for his own ends, Macnulty was to aid his rival with it. I felt I ought to warn him. But then, the duchess—And, after all, the woman would choose for herself. It could but hasten the development.

The duchess displayed considerable skill in arranging her tableau. Winterton and Marion were lured on to the terrace (by a suggestion that the park was well worth looking at in the moonlight). Macnulty was coaxed to the piano, and the duchess herself took a seat by his side.

But then matters went awry. After playing a few soft, low chords and letting his fingers run gently over the keys for a minute Macnulty broke suddenly into one of the wild, grand melodies of his native land. There were the skirl of the pipes, the shouts of the tribesmen, and the clang of their broadswords—all the wild barbarism of a fierce battle of the clans.

It stirred the blood in my veins. I, too, grasped a claymora, and bounded over the heather, filled with a wild lust of slaying. There was a kill around my waist, and I felt the sharp sting of the heather on my bare knees. I would shout and kill—kill—and my arms would never tire while the shrieking of the pipes rang in my ears.

Presently I looked up. The duchess was standing by me, with her hand on my shoulder.

"This will never do," she whispered. "The music has not moved her. Possibly she found it difficult to imagine herself in a kill."

I looked out on to the terrace. Winterton was tapping with his foot and looking at the moonlight country.

"Tell him to play something soft," said the duchess.

I rose obediently and walked across the room.

I am approaching middle age, and inclined to stoutness, so that surprise at my request for something sentimental was but natural. I felt I must furnish an excuse, so I pointed to the couple on the terrace.

"They would like it more," I said softly.

I was determined he should know what he had to do.

Macnulty's face grew very grave.

"Did she ask for it?"

He was thinking of Marion. I substituted the duchess.

"Yes," said I.

He turned sharply away from me and laid his hands on the keys. I returned to my seat. The duchess was smiling.

Then Macnulty began to play, at first softly, as of a lover thinking; then louder, in a passionate appeal. I saw Winterton's hand steal slowly toward Marion's, and close over it. (The duchess leaned a little forward in her chair). But the hand underneath was gently twisted away, and Marion rose. I could see her lips move, and then she came through the doors into the room. Her mother gasped audibly, and for a moment I thought she would have barred her entrance, but she sank back again into her chair. In the dim light I could not see her expression. I was sorry for that.

Marion walked to the piano, but Macnulty continued playing as if he did not see her. But it was no longer music that he played; it was the man himself speaking, a passionate torrent of words.

Winterton leaned over the terrace, and I saw a gleam of a match. He had lit a cigar. For a few seconds we remained motionless; then I rose and went out on the terrace, and, to my surprise, the duchess followed me. I think she wanted more air than the room afforded, and did not realize the danger that lurked under the softly shaded lamp that stood by the piano.

She had scarcely gained the terrace when the music stopped. The duchess and I turned quickly and looked into the room. Macnulty had risen and was standing by the piano, holding both Marion's hands in his. The duchess bounded (I can see no other word) into the room. Macnulty sat down again quickly.

"Marion," she cried.

"Yes," responded that young lady, quietly.

Macnulty's hands came down heavily on the keys. Again the pipes shrieked out their music, but now in wild strains of triumph and rejoicing.

For the Clan Macnulty had won a victory.

Of course, the duchess was annoyed, but Mr. and Mrs. Peter Macnulty were very happy.—The Lady's Realm.

Havana's Cemetery.

Havana's cemetery is typical of the burying places of all Spanish-American countries. It consists of a wall eight to ten feet thick, honeycombed with niches for the reception of coffins and surrounding a plot of land which is never used for burial purposes, and is usually in a neglected condition. The cemetery is run by the municipal authorities and the niches are rented. The payment required upon the sealing of one of these holes in the wall insures an undisturbed resting place for its contents for three or five years from that time, according to the particular custom of the locality. Then an annual rental must be paid for the time the tenant gets a title in perpetuity. But how few ever find a last resting place in one of these niches is shown by the fact that, despite the tremendous increase in population since it was built two or three centuries ago, the cemetery has never been enlarged, and there are always plenty of vacancies. Upon default of payment of the rental the bones are raked out of the niche, and it is ready for the next occupant. The bones are placed in one corner of the cemetery and there, at least, they lie undisturbed through the passing years as the pile constantly grows larger.

Reason for It.

Reggy—And you really believe he tells the truth?

Peggy—Oh, no doubt about it. He's taken it up as a bid.—Detroit Free Press.

CHANGES IN THE MAP.

FEW OF THE EUROPEAN COUNTRIES MAINTAIN THEIR OLD BOUNDARIES.

Only Four Remain Intact—Great Britain, Norway, Spain and Switzerland the Same—Germany, Italy and Turkey Rejuvenated—Some Kaleidoscopic Rectifications.

The events of the past 100 years or so have wrought many important changes in the map of Europe and have resulted in the righting of some wrongs and perhaps in the perpetuation of others whose full effects are not yet felt. The history of the centuries before it, a history of struggles, a story of aggrandizement, the clashing of conflicting interests, are always worthy of study says the Church Chronicle.

Take the map of 100 years ago and the map of today, put them side by side, and one is struck by the small number of countries that have escaped change. Great Britain, Spain, Switzerland and Norway remain colored as they were 100 years ago; all else have assumed a different outline or a different color. Some states have disappeared, others amalgamated, and some have sprung up that were hardly dreamed of before. Right in the center of the map, where was the confederation of the Rhine, and Prussia and Silesia in a different tint to the north, all covered yellow, is now a multiplicity of tints. We have a purple-tinted German empire, a sea-green Austria-Hungary. The pink hue of France in the earlier map spreads northward over Belgium and the Netherlands and southeastward over Italy. On the other hand, the yellow tint over Russia has overspread the Duchy of Warsaw, figured in deep orange a century ago, and Turkey, which seemed tottering to her fall when last century was young, though still existing, is much attenuated, for in the northeast corner there are the separate states of Serbia, Roumania, and Bulgaria.

These kaleidoscopic changes have each its individual story—and we trace them back, most of them, to the French revolution, which was responsible for more changes in the map of Europe than any other event in modern times. Before this occurrence Poland had been absorbed by Russia, Prussia had risen to greatness, Sweden had fallen from her temporary hegemony in northern Europe, the Spanish Netherlands had belonged since 1713 to the house of Austria, and the French Bourbons held parts of Italy.

With the French revolution began that series of changes by which Napoleon extended his empire all over Germany west of the Rhine, over large areas in northern Germany, embracing the Netherlands and most of Italy, part being incorporated with the empire and part held by himself as king of Italy, while his brother was king of Spain and his brother-in-law king of Naples. There was a wonderful piece of aggrandizement. This aggrandizement was however, not destined to survive. When Nemesis overtook Napoleon France shrank to her original dimensions, the minor German princes confederated, with Austria at their head; Italy was parcelled out into principalities, Austria taking the Venetian dominions and the Netherlands becoming again a kingdom, though afterward split up into Holland and Belgium.

The most important change of all has been that in Germany, which, from being "a mere geographical expression," applied to a number of German speaking states, obtained in 1871 that unity which had been a dream of ages. When Napoleon overthrew the Holy Roman empire in 1806, there grew up confederations which oscillated toward and were dominated in turn by Prussia on the one hand and Austria on the other. Midway in the century it seemed as though a German empire would be achieved in connection with Prussia, but Frederick IV, in a half-hearted way, refused the imperial crown, and through the irritation of Austria against her exclusion from the confederation "he scheme was delayed for a couple of decades. It was not until the Italians were victorious under Cavour that the movement obtained a fresh impetus, and when Prussia had beaten Austria at the battle of Koniggratz, the great northern federation was formed, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel and the Danish duchies being joined to Prussia and Austria being kept out altogether. The south German states also formed a confederation in alliance with the north, and five years later the king of Prussia was proclaimed emperor of a united Germany in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

Next to the founding of the German empire ranks the unification of Italy. When Napoleon's power was upset the map of Italy showed a kingdom of Sardinia, a kingdom of Naples, the papal states, with various independent duchies, and Austria having a large holding in the fertile regions of the north. The first movement came from the emperor of Austria, who caused himself to be crowned at Milan as king of Lombardy and Venice, but Austria becoming temporarily paralyzed by an insurrection in Vienna and Hungary's claim for independence, a movement for the unification of Italy commenced.

Mazzini inflamed the national feeling against Austria, and when an insurrection broke out in Milan, the king of Sardinia declared war against Austria, and Radetzky, the Austrian general, had to retreat. But the sanguinary struggle thus begun ended in favor of Austria, and for 10 years, during which Austria dominated the whole of Italy, no further movement was undertaken. Then Cavour came upon the scene as minister of the youthful Victor Emmanuel, king of Piedmont and Sardinia, and formed an alliance with Napoleon III in 1859,

they won the battle of Magenta, occupied Milan, and had occupied Solferino, when Napoleon came suddenly to terms with Austria. It seemed as though a death blow had been given to Italian unity, but Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were not cowed by the defection of Napoleon. And now a new hero came forward. Garibaldi, with his volunteers, destroyed the Bourbon dynasty in Sicily, and the independent duchies, one after the other, declared for the young Piedmontese king. Venice regained its freedom in 1866, and in 1870, when the Italian forces took Rome and forced the pope to take up the role of prisoner of the Vatican, the final stage of Italian unity was reached.

MONOCLES IN KANSAS.

The Burning Ambition of Senator F. Dumont Smith For Culture.

F. Dumont Smith, state senator from the 35th district, is responsible for the introduction of the monocle into the short grass section of Kansas. Mr. Smith has prepared an ingenious defense of his action, and, as he is a candidate for re-election, it cannot be known whether or not his defense is accepted until the votes of the district in the November election are counted. Senator Smith has been suspected for several years of a desire to introduce "genuine" culture into the prairie country and his ability to wear a monocle has given him his opportunity. Several years ago he took home with him from Topeka a package of blue grass seed and had visions of a lawn of the finest Kentucky grass which should extend from Great Bend to Syracuse. His dream ended when the last spear of sickly green grass withered under the rays of the July sun. Now he believes he has set an example which will lead every cow puncher in his district to adopt the monocle and that in time it will be possible for strangers to recognize a resident of the district by the character of glass he wears.

Senator Smith says he has adopted the monocle because he believes that he should no longer delude his constituents into believing that he has two eyes. He says only one of his eyes has rendered him any service for years, and he knows no necessity for wearing the two glasses. Mr. Smith says he has worn the monocle six months, but, as he is just returning from Chicago, it is believed that he adopted the reform in that city and is waiting here for the news to reach the short grass country. Then, if there is too big an uproar, he can discard the single glass and declare the story a fabrication. Senator Smith was asked today how his boom to succeed Burton, in the United States senate is progressing and told the following story to illustrate it:

"My boom is something like 'Bill' Sterret's elephant. It is not as dangerous as it seemed. 'Bill' Sterret had been drunk several days and awoke one morning to find an elephant in his room. The animal was of enormous size. Its back touched the ceiling and it so completely filled the room that its trunk reposed on Bill's bed. Sterret never had had experience with elephants and did not know what he could do to get rid of the creature. While he was trying to solve the problem, the elephant backed out of the room through the keyhole."—Kansas City Star.

A Frightful Accident.

A laborer was on his way to his work the other morning as a "through" train was about to pass a little station, where a crowd had assembled for the "way" train, due in a few moments. A child who had strayed to the edge of the platform seemed about to lose her balance in her effort to get a good view of the oncoming engine. Quick as a flash the workman jumped forward, tossed the child back to a place of safety, and was himself grazed by the cylinder, which rolled him over on the platform pretty roughly.

Several people hastened to his assistance, but he rose uninjured, although with a face expressive of grave concern.

"Confound it! Just my luck!" he exclaimed, drawing a colored handkerchief, evidently containing luncheon, from his pocket and examining it ruefully.

"What is it?" inquired the onlookers.

"Why, the salt and pepper's all over the rhubarb pie, and the eggs—well, I kept telling her something would happen if she didn't boil 'em harder!"—Youth's Companion.

Not Her Business.

Mrs. Plummer is one of the gentle-clinging women who are guarded and guided by some strong and well-balanced member of the sterner sex as long as they live. When Mr. Plummer died she was overcome by grief and a sense of helplessness.

"Now, my dear Emily, what are all these bills?" asked her cousin one day, when Mrs. Plummer had been a widow nearly six months.

"They are gas bills," said Mrs. Plummer, looking apathetically at a small pile of pink slips, "and those blue ones are telephone bills. They are beginning to complain at the telephone office, and they've said something about taking out the telephone, and the gas company has shut off the gas already. I sat in the dark last night."

"Well, but why on earth don't you pay the bills?" asked her bewildered relative.

Mrs. Plummer looked at her guest with reproachful, tear-filled eyes. "George has always paid the gas and telephone bills," she said plaintively. "I supposed you'd understand."—Youth's Companion.



Remember—The Little Member!

You may keep your feet from slipping
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!

Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care
Of the little-tattle, tell-tale tongue!

You may feel inclined to quarrel
With the doctrine that I preach
But the soundness of the moral
Said experience will teach:

Be it said or be it sung
Everywhere,
Oh, beware,
Of the little-tattle, tell-tale tongue!

—Henry Johnstone, in St. Nicholas.

Tender Animal Mothers.

A wild beast tamer of long experience tells some interesting things of the affection of animals for their young. He had an elephant once, he says, who did all in her power to spoil her young one. She fussed over it and cuddled it up so that when over time came for it to leave the cage it was simply unmanageable. When one of the men made a bold move toward the baby he was promptly butted in the stomach and bowled over in a peculiar way which the youngster had of expressing his feelings toward those whom he disliked. At last, by a ruse, the mother and son were separated. But there was no such thing as keeping them apart. The baby rubbed the skin off its forehead and trunk, trying to get through the bars, and both wailed so long and piteously that the keeper was obliged to put them together again.

A shy baby camel that passed through the hands of this same trainer refused to look upon the world except from its favorite station, between its mother's legs. The mother, too, would show her displeasure at any effort toward intimacy by spitting violently at every one in sight. The kangaroo also is very fond of her offspring, and will patiently carry it about long after it is ready to hop on its own account.

But for a display of pure affection the mother monkey beats any other animal, and when there is an addition to the family circle there is general rejoicing. A baby monkey sticks fast by its mother, and asleep or awake it seems always in her thoughts.

How Rats Outwitted a Man.

There is a story told of a certain hotel in a large city where the rats increased despite dogs, cats and ferrets. A few were bagged with a rifle, but soon they grew too wary for that. Traps and poison were matters of household experience, and even the young and inexperienced in random know enough to avoid them. Then the manager hit upon another expedient.

He swung a lid on a barrel with a swivel, filled the barrel half full of water and fastened a lump of cheese in the centre of the lid. As soon as a rat alighted on either side of the lid, over he would go into the barrel, and for a while rats were drowned by the dozen.

Then it was evident that they had held a rat council, for the number of victims grew steadily smaller. Sometimes of a morning there would be two or three rats in the barrel; oftener there would be none at all. The observant manager felt that they were all the time trying to figure out how to get that cheese. Sometimes two rats would get on the edge of the barrel opposite one another at the same time, and balance the lid as they crept in toward the centre. This worked well until one or the other forgot the need for caution, when both fell in.

Finally one old rat mastered the game. For several nights the cheese disappeared, and there was no rat there in the morning to show for it. One night the manager caught the rat in the act of dropping from some of the pipes right in the centre of the lid. He balanced himself for a moment, then quietly nibbled at the cheese. When he had satisfied himself he carefully moved off along the line of the swivel and dropped to the floor, safe.